decent pair for my use, so much so that one of our European warders took a fancy to them and wanted me to make a pair for him. Of course, it was quite a pleasure to me to find that the thing that I took so much time and trouble for, had at last found a patron and had not been sheer waste of energy in a fruitless quest; so I quite willingly made a pair for him too. I also remember in this connection a Bengali couplet that I managed to complete, being elated at this most signal success of mine in the leaf-plaiding art. I used to sing that couplet set to one of our indigenous Baulia tunes, keeping time with it whenever I happened to be engaged in mat-plaiding, deriving from it much pleasure and amusement in my work.

Now it is time, I think, after all this lengthy discourse relating to my own personal history, to change the topic for the benefit of my readers in order to break the monotony and tediousness of their having to attend only to a single individual's story, dealt with at such great length. It

will, I think, prove a pleasant change for my readers, if I relate some of my experiences regarding the other inmates of the Asylum with